ECLIPSE COMICS

No. 5
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Somerset Holmes

Waiting for a name

CONTEST REMINDER: As this month's heading (borrowed from the old Jimmie Rodgers song "Waiting for a Train") reminds us, the person who comes up with the best name for this editorial column will win a six-issue subscription to the Eclipse Comic of his or her choice. Write your entry on a postcard and send it to "Name This Column" c/o Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, California 95446.

NONE DARE CALL IT HYPE: Using the editorial page to hard sell our upcoming comics is not my idea of life, but for the second month in a row we have a lot of news about our take-over of titles which were to be published by Pacific, before they suspended operations. For those who came in late, in October we announced (and shipped) **Rocketeer Special Edition** no. 1, **Groo Special** no. 1, **Pressbutton** no. 1, **Berni Wrightson: Master of the Macabre** no. 5, **Strange Days** no. 1, and **Siegel & Shuster: Dateline 1930s**. Some of these are one-shots, and one is the final issue in a limited series, but **PRESSBUTTON** and **STRANGE DAYS** are continuing series. Look for **PRESSBUTTON** no. 2 in December and the second issue of **STRANGE DAYS** in January 1985.

Anyway, that's all recap – the **NEW** news is that Eclipse has picked up five **MORE** ex-Pacific titles and they will be going on sale between now and January. Here they are:

SOMERSET HOLMES no. 5 and 6: With a movie production in the offing, it would have been dreadful to have left this mystery-thriller six-issue limited series in the lurch, so we are proudly stepping in to complete the run. **SOMERSET** is a tightly scripted cohesive whole, so if you're coming in late, you'd better go back and start with issue no. 1 before we publish the dramatic conclusion in November and December.

ALIEN WORLDS no. 8 and 9: John Bolton, Bruce Jones, Al Williamson, Jan Strnad, Rand Holmes, William F. Nolan, Paul Rivoche, Ken Steacy, Bo Hampton, Frank Brunner, David Carren, Jim Sullivan and John Pound combine their talents to bring you two incredible issues of fantastic science fiction, on sale in November and January.

TWISTED TALES no. 9 and 10: Berni Wrightson, Bruce Jones, Thom Enriquez, Jan Strnad, Val Mayerik, Charles Wagner, Bill Wray, Dennis Etchison, Mike Hoffman, John Bolton, Gray Morrow, Attilio Michelluzi, David Carren and John Pound are the tale-twisters in this pair of issues, which will ship from the printer in November and December to bring you holiday cheer and fear.

SUN RUNNERS no. 4: Roger McKenzie and Pat Broderick fans have been clamouring for the next issue of this far-flung science fiction adventure, and we're obliging. Look for issue no. 4 (including Paul Smith's "Mike Mahagony" back-up) in late November.

MR. MONSTER: Micahel T. (Elric) Gilbert and Bill (Journey) Loebs began this wonderful mystic-pulp-occult-hero series for Pacific, but the first installment was dreadfully botched in the colour separations (yellow turned magenta, purples were brown) and the second and third episodes never appeared at all. We are collecting the entire story into a 32-page one-shot, with all-new colour seps on the first chapter. **Mr. Monster** will ship in January 1985.

LEST WE FORGET: In the mad scramble to ready the above eleven ex-Pacific books for publication – and the need to tell you about 'em all so you can know what to expect in the near future – I feel like I'm short-changing all of our regular titles, so even though I hate to spend a whole page on hype, I just want to remind you that the first issue of B.C. Boyer's **MASKED MAN** is scheduled for release in December. We have a new colourist on this series now. His name is Ron Courtney, and we think he's terrific.

Scott McCloud has fallen a little behind on his **ZOT!** writing and drawing schedule due to a stay in the hospital, where he had to have his appendix removed. He's fine now, but he was out of commission long enough to cause some delays in no. 7, and those will carry on through to no. 8.

And of course, **Crossfire, DNAgents, Aztec Ace, Sabre, Night Music**, and all our other fine comic books will be coming your way as usual, full of the same high level of art and story you've come to expect from Eclipse.

By the way, if you are really the kind who likes to keep up to date on coming comics, you should check out the new, comic book-size colour **ECLIPSE EXTRA**. If it's not to be found in your local comics shop, ask your dealer to order it from his or her distributor. It's monthly – and it's free.

catherine yronwode

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...ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T NEED ME ANYMORE, DR. COLLINS?

NO, YOU GO ON HOME, VIV, AND ENJOY YOUR PARTY.

I WILL, DOCTOR. THANK YOU.

GOOD NIGHT.

DR. CHRISTOPHER COLLINS
Psychiatry

WHAT IS IT, FORGET SOMETHING?...

YOU SHOULD *KNOW*, DR. COLLINS...

SOMERSET! I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

DEAD? NOT YET. NOT QUITE YET.

WELL NOW, ISN'T THIS COZY...

SOMERSET--

SIT!

AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH *SHUT!* I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, DR. COLLINS.

YOU *ARE* DR. COLLINS, AREN'T YOU? NOT BRIAN PHILLIPS?

PLEASE. LISTEN TO ME--

LISTEN TO YOU?... LISTEN TO YOU?.... ALL I'VE *DONE* IS LISTEN TO YOU AND EVERYBODY ELSE... AND SO FAR IT'S GOTTEN ME NOWHERE AND EVERYONE AROUND ME *KILLED*.

SO THIS TIME WE'LL PLAY A LITTLE GAME. IT'S CALLED *"PROMISE"*... YOU TELL THE TRUTH FOR A CHANGE AND I *PROMISE* NOT TO PULL THE TRIGGER!

FIRST QUESTION: WHO AM I? *REALLY.*

YOU'RE SOMERSET HOLMES.

K-CHOW!

I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF THIS GAME, DOCTOR. SHALL WE TRY AGAIN? WHO AM I?

YOUR NAME IS JANE MASON...

FINE. NOW: WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO KILL ME?

I DON'T KNOW...

K-CHOW!

SOMERSET, *HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW!*

"HONESTLY?"

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL COME BACK TO THAT ONE. NEXT QUESTION: HOW LONG HAVE YOU *KNOWN* ME?

ABOUT SIX YEARS...

WHAT WERE WE? FRIENDS? LOVERS? DID I WORK FOR YOU?

ANSWER ME...

KRUD!

ANSWER ME!!

YOU WERE MY PATIENT...

YOUR *PATIENT*? AND WHO WAS THE MAN WHO HYPNOTIZED ME? YOUR COLLEAGUE?

I...I CAN'T *TELL* YOU THAT QUITE YET

I'M RUNNING LOW ON BOTH BULLETS AND PATIENCE, DR. COLLINS...

LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. THERE'S NO *NEED* TO TALK THIS WAY! HAND ME THE GUN. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING IF YOU HAND ME THE GUN...

THUD

Oooooo off

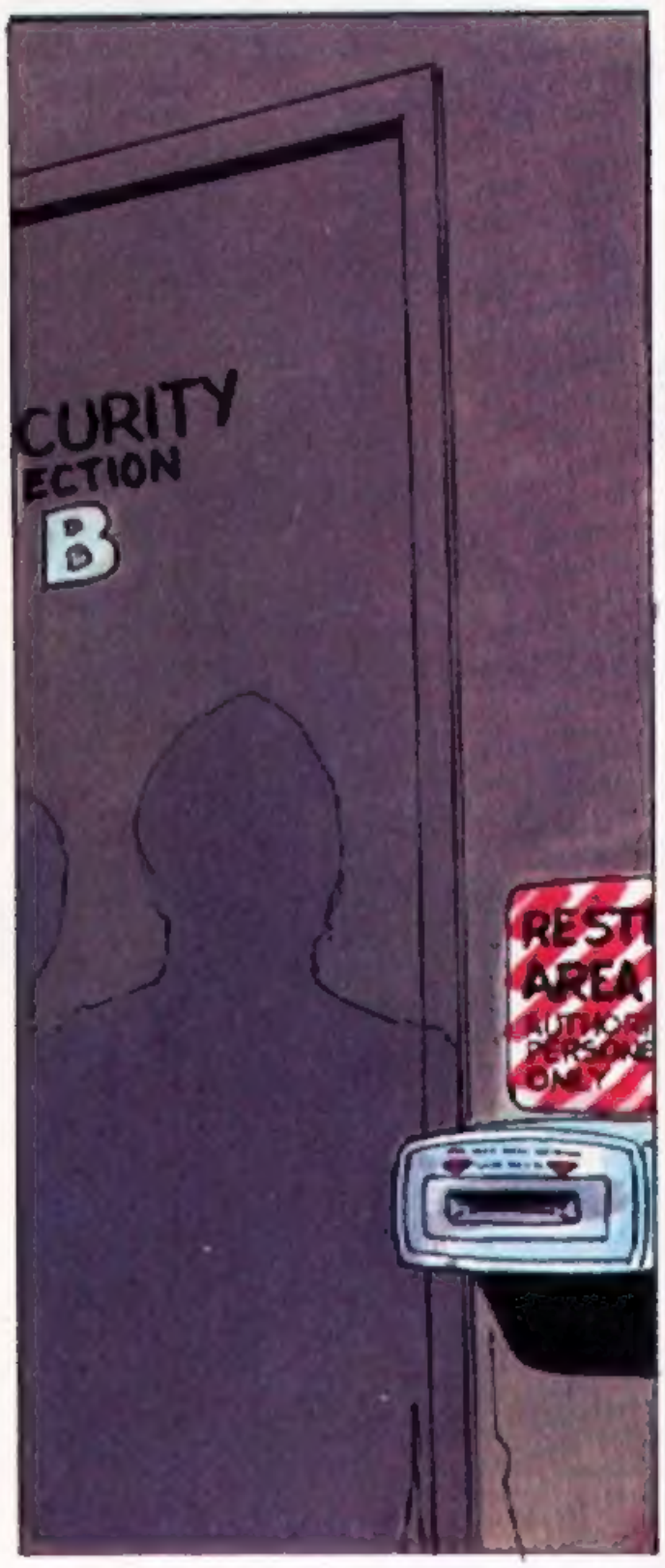
WHUMP

CLICK

W-WHO ARE YOU?

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
NICOLAS MASON
'MASON'?

YES, JANE... I'M YOUR UNCLE.


CURITY
ECTION
B
REST
AREA

PLEASE INSERT RIGHT-SIDE UP
WAIT FOR ILLUMINANCE

HELLO, MR. MASON.
HELLO, MR. MASON.
HELLO, MR. MASON.
HELLO, MR. MASON.

SIT DOWN, JANIE...

HE'S DEAD?

HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK AFTER YOUR... ACCIDENT. OH, I'M SORRY-- OF COURSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER.

COLLINS SEEMS TO THINK YOUR AMNESIA WAS CAUSED BY A BLOW TO THE HEAD.

THAT'S YOUR FATHER, JANE, MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING AT ALL?

NOTHING.

DID COLLINS TELL YOU ANYTHING?

NO. JUST MY NAME.

I'LL TRY TO FILL YOU IN A BIT...

YOUR FATHER WAS MY OLDER BROTHER, A WELL-KNOWN COWBOY ACTOR DURING THE THIRTIES...

...WHEN HIS STAR FADED HE WENT TO WORK AS A STUNT MAN...

...AFTER YOUR MOTHER DIED, HE STARTED TAKING YOU TO WORK WITH HIM...

...AND PRETTY SOON YOU WERE JUST AS GOOD AS HE WAS...

...BETTER, HE CLAIMED...

...BUT THEN YOU GREW UP AND-- WELL, YOU HAD SOME *TROUBLE* WITH THIS MARRIED MAN, AND THEN THE ACCIDENT, AND-- IS THIS BRINGING ANYTHING BACK TO YOU?

SORRY...

IT'S JUST AS WELL... IT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW, ANYWAY. WHAT *IS* IMPORTANT IS THAT COLLINS TOOK *ADVANTAGE* OF YOU. HE INVOLVED YOU IN A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

HOW?

REMEMBER THE COUNTRY DOCTOR? THE ONE THAT WAS KILLED?

H-HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT DR. HINKLE?

LISTEN TO ME...

RIGHT NEXT TO MY OFFICE IS THE OFFICE OF PATRICK STERN. PAT AND I WENT TO PREP SCHOOL TOGETHER, THEN TO COLLEGE.

I RECRUITED HIM INTO GOVERNMENT SERVICE. HE BECAME AN OPERATIVE, ONE OF THE BEST.

P.M. STERN
Sectional Manager

A SPY?

THAT'S A SOMEWHAT MELODRAMATIC WAY TO PUT IT, BUT I SUPPOSE, YES, A SPY.

A MONTH AGO HE INTERCEPTED A SOVIET COURIER AND OBTAINED SOME VITAL INFORMATION. BUT BEFORE HE COULD RELAY IT TO ME, HE REALIZED THAT THEY WERE ONTO HIM, AND HE WENT INTO HIDING...

HE SECRETED THE INFORMATION SOMEWHERE... AND THEN HE WAS KILLED.

HINKLE?

HINKLE.

HE'S LOCKED THAT INFORMATION UP SOMEWHERE--AND WE'VE GOT TO *FIND* IT...

JANIE, GIVE ME THE KEY.

NO...

WE'RE NOT PLAYING AROUND ANYMORE, DAMNIT!

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T KILL STERN I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE PROSTITUTE AND THE DRESS DESIGNER--

I REALIZE THAT YOU'RE JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM! YOU NEED *HELP* TO REGAIN YOUR MEMORY. BUT RIGHT NOW WE *HAVE* TO HAVE THAT *INFORMATION!*

IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW.

TRUST ME, JANIE...

...GIVE ME THE KEY...

HMMM... INTERESTING...

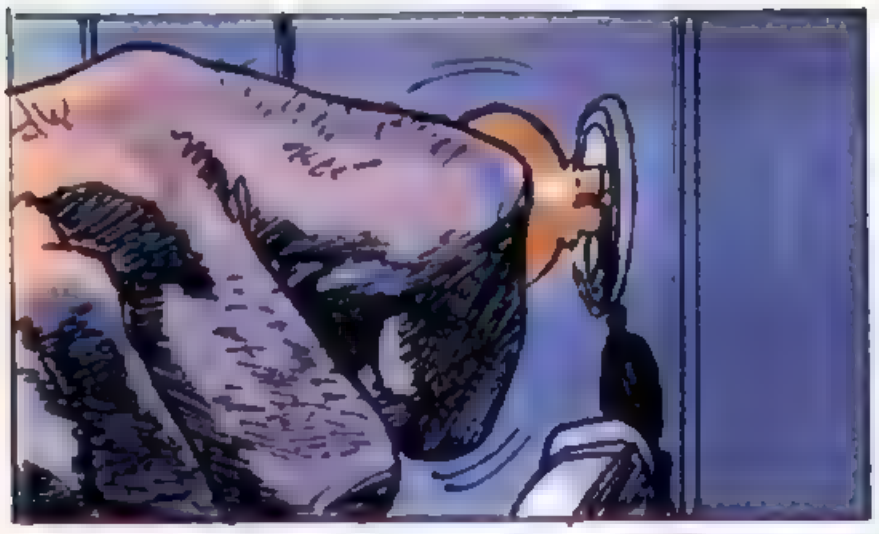
THEY'RE IDENTICAL!

NO JUST SIMILAR.

THIS IS THE KEY TO MY LOCKER AT THE HEALTH CLUB. PAT AND I USED TO PLAY RACKETBALL TOGETHER THERE.

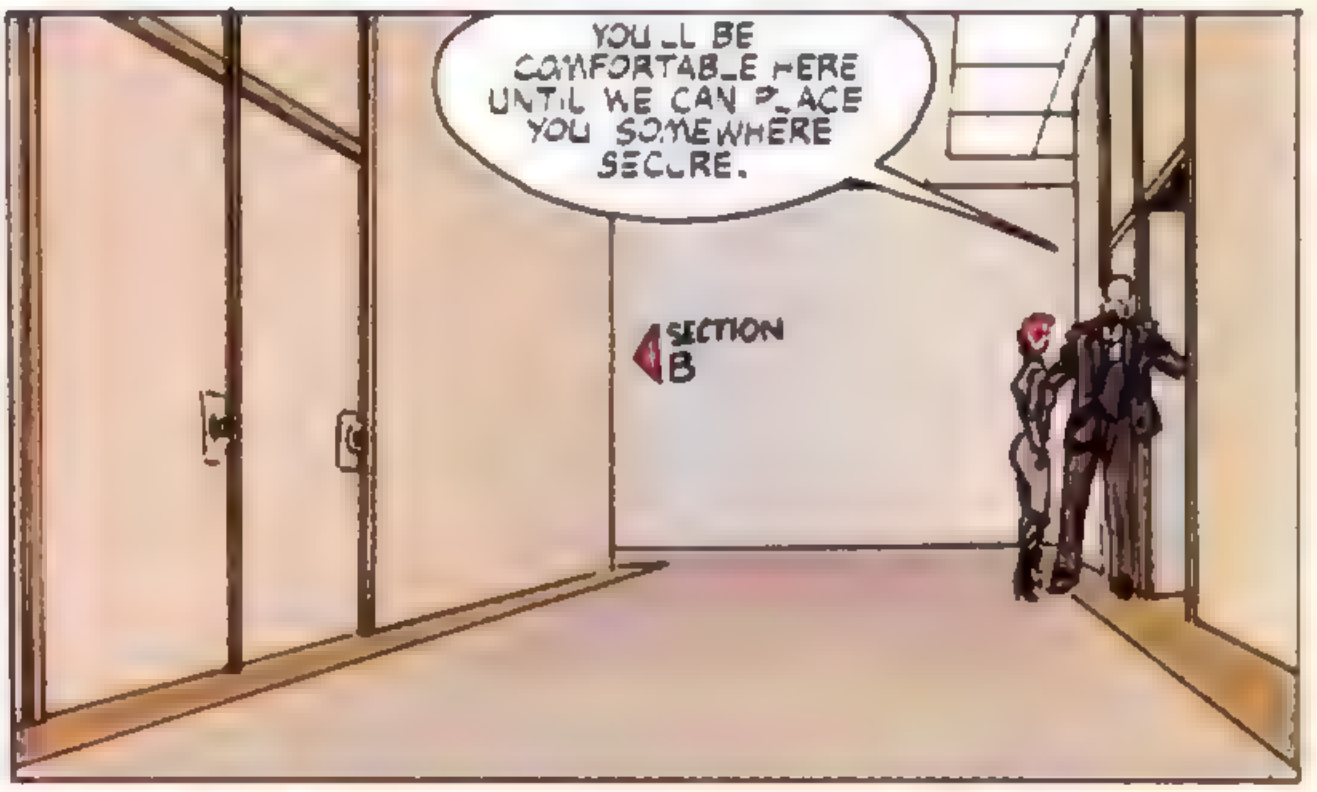
HIS LOCKER IS RIGHT NEXT TO MINE...

NUMBER 37 IS MINE... NUMBER 38. THIS WAS PAT'S...



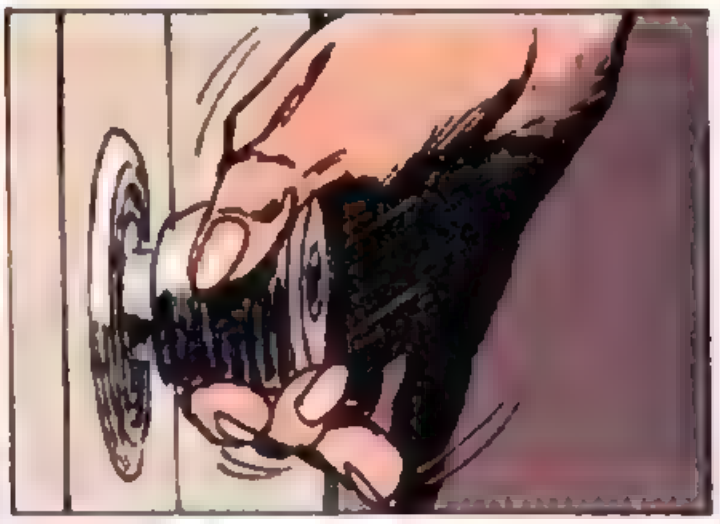
WON'T TURN. I MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG--IT MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE...

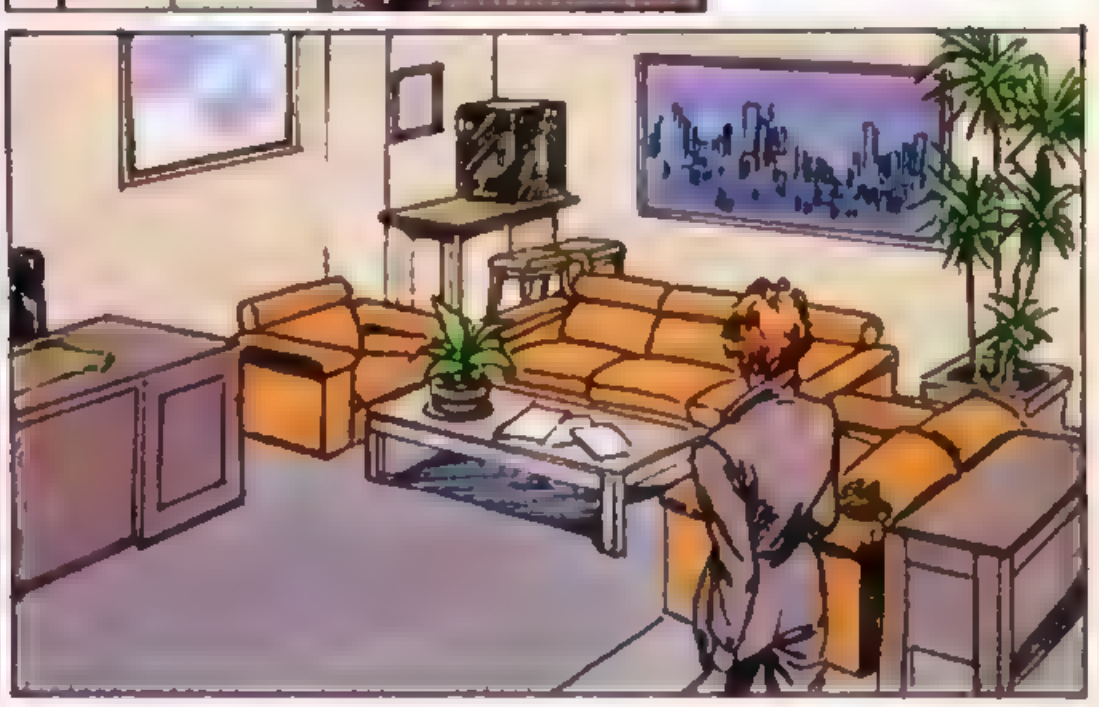
THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE CRIME LABS FOR, I GUESS...
I'LL SEND IT OVER THERE. MAYBE THEY CAN FIGURE IT OUT.


YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE UNTIL WE CAN PLACE YOU SOMEWHERE SECURE.
SECTION B

THERE ARE COKES IN THE REFRIGERATOR. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME... I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE...

CHICK





THE GIRL-- SHE'S *ESCAPED!*

SO IT SEEMS...

I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS ANYTHING...

MASON SAYS GR..L H M ANYWAY.

NOW ABOUT A COFFEE BREAK?

YOU BUYING?

YEAH.

JUST S T HERE AND BE A GOOD BOY NOW COLLINS.

CLICK-A-TUNK

NO DOUBT YOU'RE HERE TO FINISH ME OFF...

I DON'T SUPPOSE THIS IS A SET-UP?

-ELL OF A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING...

I CAN'T VERY WELL CALL YOU BRIAN ANYMORE. AND 'DOCTOR' SEEMS A LITTLE FORMAL AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER...

-OW ABOUT 'SKIP'? THAT'S WHAT MY FAMILY CALLS ME.

YOU MEAN THAT WOMAN IN THE CAR WAS REALLY YOUR SISTER?

UNFORTUNATELY.

NOW WHAT? THOSE GOONS WILL BE BACK ANY MINUTE...

WHAT ARE YOU--

COME ON.

BUT :--

I SAID COME ON!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

I'M NOT. HURRY.

WHERE ARE WE?

YOU'LL SEE...

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EMPTY! Oh. GREAT! WONDERFUL!

IT SAYS "UVA"...THAT'S THE COMPANY YOUR UNCLE WORKED FOR WHEN...WHEN YOU BECAME MY PATIENT.

AT LEAST THAT'S THE NAME HE PUT ON THE FILE APPLICATION...

UNITED VETERANS ASSOCIATION

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *LOOKING* FOR?

I'LL KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT...

LOOKS LIKE THE OLD VETERAN'S ASSOCIATION S SHUT DOWN.

NOW WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'D LOCK AN EMPTY ROOM?...

TOP SECRET
AUTHORIZED PERSONEL ONLY

GOVERNMENT SECURED AREA
AUTHORIZED I.D. CARDS ONLY

WHERE'D YOU GET THE CARD?

UNCLE S POCKET. THOUGHT T MIGHT COME 'N HANDY..

SOMERSET. LOOK. NUMBERS.

127

ACCESS CODE WORD?

IT HAS TO BE RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT HALE SAID! I HEARD HIM!

MAYBE YOU -EARD *WRONG*...

YOUR UNCLE-- A DOUBLE AGENT!

THIS IS UGLY STUFF...

CLICK!

THANK YOU, JANIE, YOU'VE DONE A REMARKABLE JOB. I NEVER DREAMED YOU WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO DUPLICATE THAT FIRST KEY...AND YOU LIFTED MY CARD, TOO! YOU'RE AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN!

NO, JUST PUT THE COMPUTER KEY THERE ON THE TABLE...

YOU USED ME! YOUR OWN NIECE--

YOU WERE WORTHLESS TO ANYONE ELSE, A HOPELESS CATATONIC...

I MERELY MADE YOU... *USEFUL* AGAIN.

CATATONIC? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

ASK THE FAITHFUL DR. COLLINS. *HE* COMMITTED YOU. HE IS HEAD OF STAFF AT THE STATE FACILITY FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE...

YOU'RE LYING!

TUT-TUT, MY DEAR. YOU SEE? YOU'RE LOSING CONTROL AGAIN...

HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT *OTHER* CRIMES YOU MIGHT COMMIT WERE I NOT HERE TO STOP YOU!

IT WAS THE PERFECT SET UP, YOU SEE, EVEN *YOU* MUST ADMIT THAT.

STERN AND I STOLE INFORMATION FOR WHICH THE SOVIETS WERE WILLING TO PAY MILLIONS. AND PUT IT INTO THE COMPUTER.

I KEPT THE KEY, AND STERN KEPT THE PASSWORD. IT WAS A SECRET EVEN FROM ME. CHECK AND BALANCE...

--ON THE REMOTE POSSIBILITY THAT ONE OF US SHOULD GET--HOW SHOULD I SAY IT?-- *'COLD FEET'*.

UNFORTUNATELY ONE OF US DID...STERN IT TURNS OUT, WAS A COWARD. HE WANTED OUT OF SERVICE ALL TOGETHER. HE TOOK THE KEY FROM ME SECRETLY AND DISAPPEARED, SWEARING HE'D INFORM IF I ATTEMPTED TO HUNT HIM DOWN...

HE KNEW SOMEDAY I'D FIND HIM, AND HE KNEW THE SOVIETS WERE NONE TOO PLEASED WITH HIS DISAPPEARANCE, EITHER. HE WAS TARGETED BY THE *KGB* IMMEDIATELY.

FORTUNATELY, I FOUND HIM FIRST...

I HAD TO TERMINATE H-N WITHOUT ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF MY SUPERIORS. I NEEDED A DUPE.

..ME?..

YOU WERE PERFECT PERFECT! HOPELESSLY INSANE--

--CATATONIC WITH VIRTUALLY NO CHANCE FOR RECOVERY.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT YOUR DOCTOR TOLD ME. AM I CORRECT, DR. COLLINS?

I NEVER TOLD YOU THERE WAS NO HOPE...

...ONLY THAT IF SHE RECOVERED SHE'D HAVE TO STAND TRIAL...

FOR WHAT? TELL ME!

YOU MURDERED YOUR MARRIED LOVER, MY DEAR.

'SO YOU SEE YOU HAD ALREADY MURDERED ONCE; WITH A LITTLE 'INSPIRATION' I KNEW YOU COULD BE PERSUADED TO MURDER AGAIN...'

"I HAD YOU KIDNAPPED, DRUGGED... YES, *BRAINWASHED*... PROGRAMMED TO ASSASSINATE STERN, THEN COMMIT SUICIDE. SIMPLE. ESCAPED MURDERESS KILLS INNOCENT MAN, THEN DOES HERSELF IN..."

"SOMETHING, HOWEVER, WENT WRONG... I'M NOT CERTAIN *WHAT*, EXACTLY, BUT SOMETHING TRAUMATIC OCCURRED AFTER WE SET YOU ON THE ROAD TO WINKLE'S-- THAT IS, STERN'S-- HOME..."

"POSSIBLY YOU WERE MUGGED, YOUR PURSE STOLEN; BUT MORE LIKELY-- IN AN AREA LIKE THAT-- YOU WERE SIMPLY THE VICTIM OF A HIT-AND-RUN..."

"TEENAGERS, NO DOUBT ON A SATURDAY NIGHT BEER SPREE... STUPID CHILDREN IRREVOCABLY ALTERING IN ONE MINDLESS MOMENT A PLAN THAT TOOK GREAT MINDS HOURS OF TEDIOUS WORK TO PERFECT..."

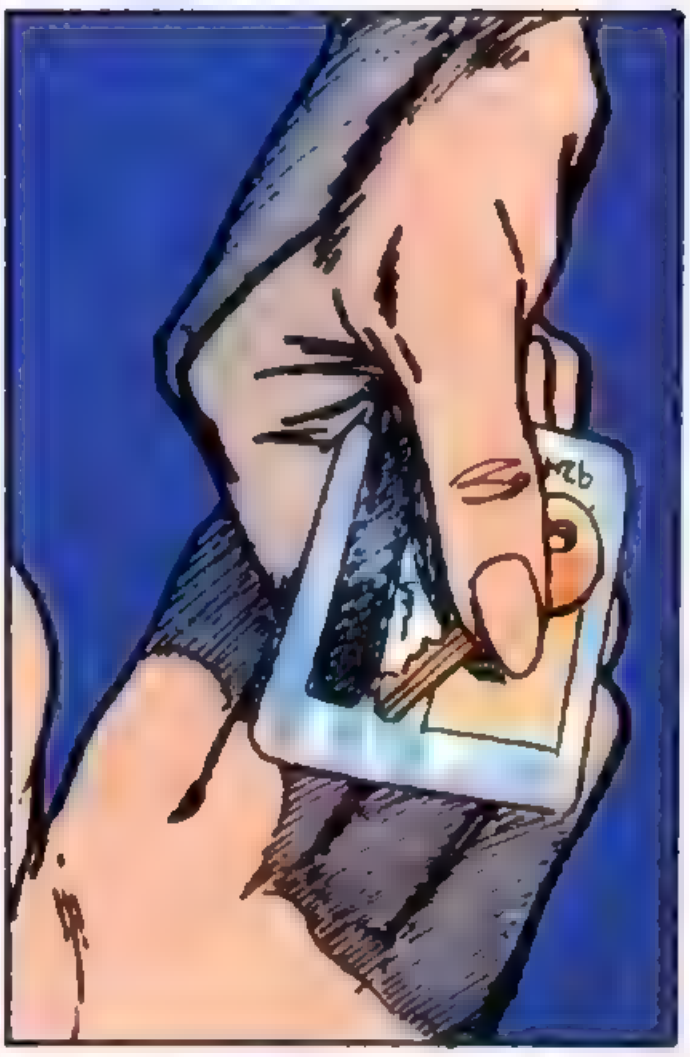
"WHATEVER THE CASE, THE *BLOW*-- THE *SHOCK*-- INDUCED SEVERE AMNESIA..."

'JANE MASON EVAPORATED..."

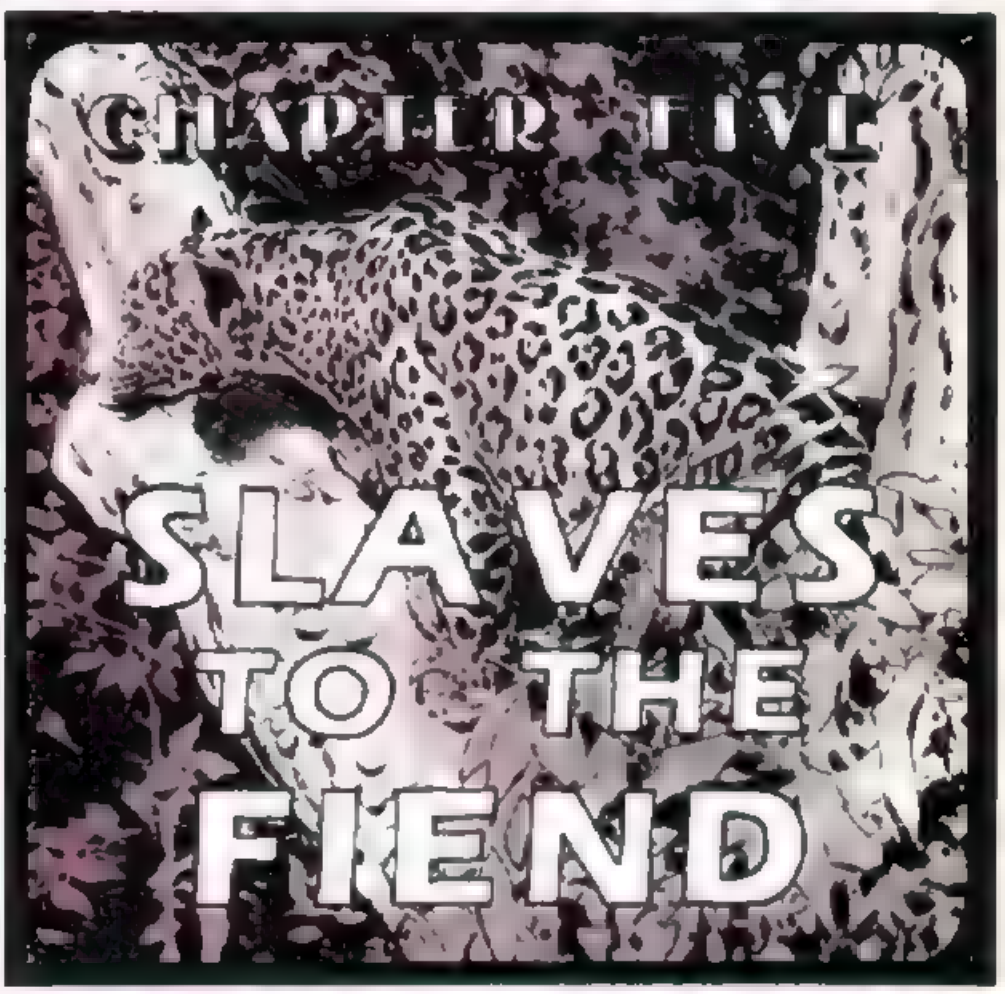
"...SOMERSET HOLMES WAS BORN."

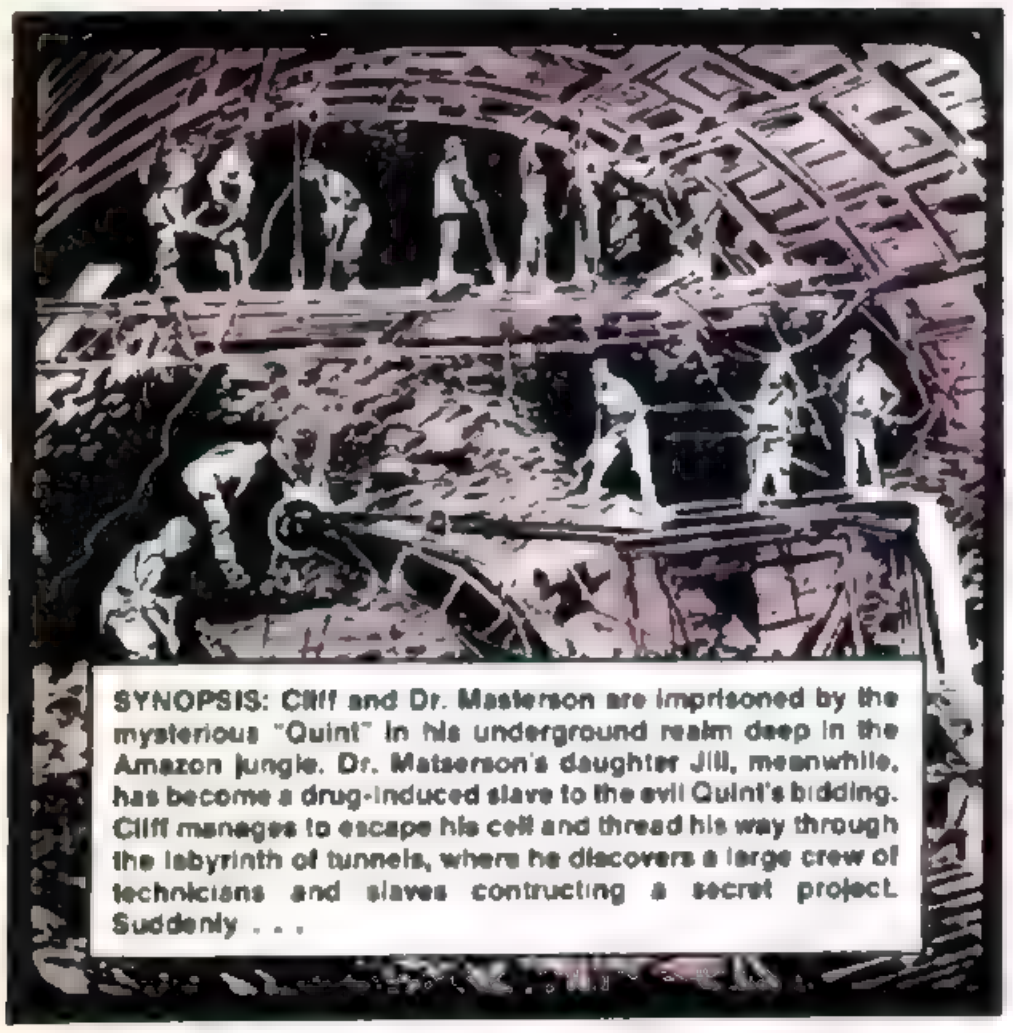
I'LL HAVE MY CARD NOW PLEASE...

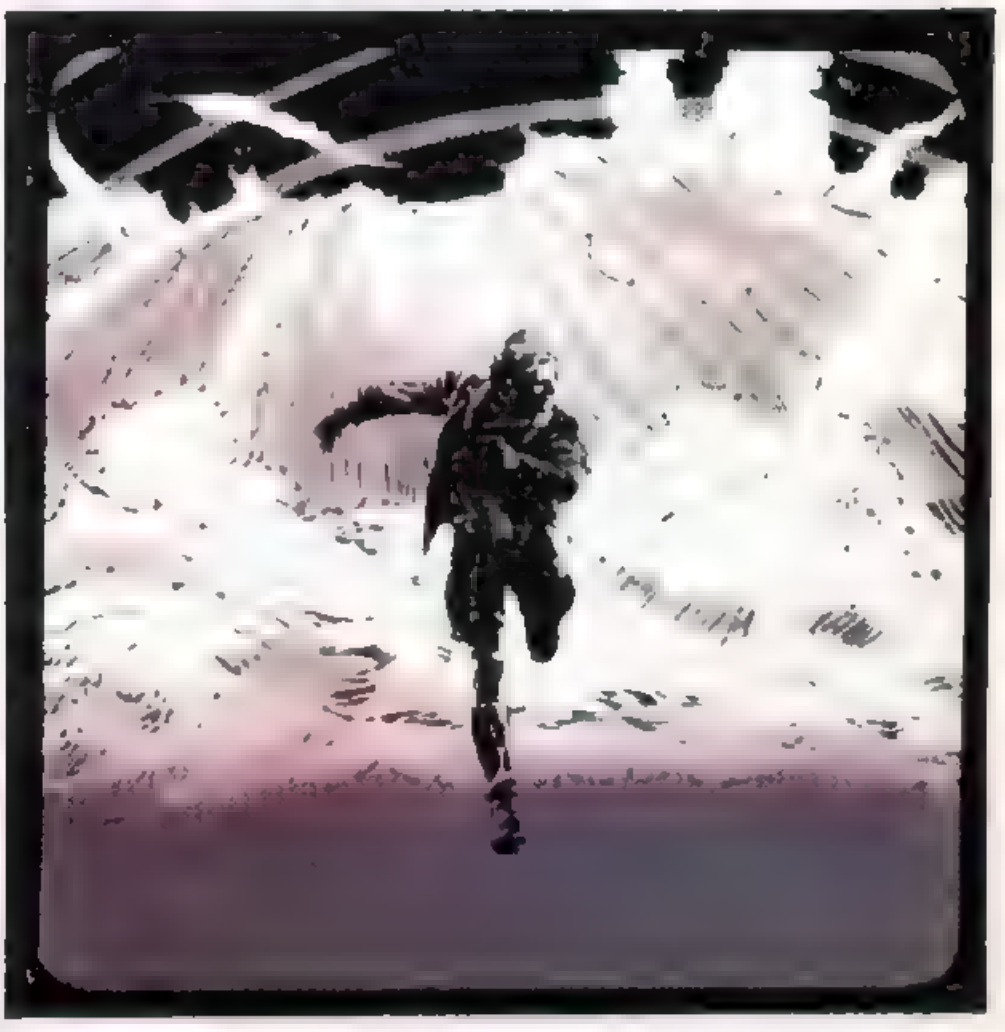
...AND THE ORIGINAL KEY...



NOW, LET'S FIND A MORE SUITABLE STAGE TO PLAY OUT THIS LITTLE DRAMA...




SYNOPSIS: Cliff and Dr. Masterson are imprisoned by the mysterious "Quint" in his underground realm deep in the Amazon jungle. Dr. Masterson's daughter Jill, meanwhile, has become a drug-induced slave to the evil Quint's bidding. Cliff manages to escape his cell and thread his way through the labyrinth of tunnels, where he discovers a large crew of technicians and slaves contructing a secret project. Suddenly . . .



Colorist: JOE CHIODO Letterer: ED KING Editor: APRIL CAMPBELL

CLIFF, OLD MAN, YOU JUST RAN OUT OF LUCK...

THAT WALL OF WATER'S GOING TO HIT ME LIKE A SLEDGE HAMMER...AND MY LIFE INSURANCE ISN'T PAID UP...

HEY!

JILL!

MOVE YOUR FEET, *HURRY!* I'VE GOT TO SHUT THE *DOOR* AGAIN!

THAT WAS *CLOSE!* ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YOU CAN *TALK!* HEY... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN *FAKING?*

RIGHT FROM THE *FIRST*. QUINT WAS DRUGGING MY WATER, BUT I FOUND AN *UNDERGROUND STREAM* TO DRINK FROM AND KEPT UP THE ACT

COME THIS WAY...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

...I'VE BEEN A *BUSY GIRL* WHILE YOU AND FATHER WERE LOCKED UP!

THEN YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR FATHER!

GET READY FOR A *REVELATION*...

I'M ALL EYES!

HOLY MOSES!

NOT HERE, HONEY, THERE'S NOTHING *HOLY* ABOUT *NAZIISM*.

QUINT'S *QUARTERS*?

RIGHT. HE LEAVES EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR FOR TEN MINUTES TO CHECK ON THE CONSTRUCTION CREW. HAVE YOU SEEN OUR TEAM OF HAPPY WORKERS?

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE A GOP-ER CONVENTION-- WHAT GIVES?

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, SWEETIE. THE *BEST* IS YET TO COME.

JUST LIKE THE MAPS I SAW IN THE *TUNNEL*...

AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY WERE SHIPPING LANES. THEN I GOT TO LOOKING AT THE SPECIFICATIONS. HE'S CONSTRUCTING A *TUNNEL*, CLIFF.. UNDER THE *ATLANTIC OCEAN!*

A *TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL*...*NAZI AFFILIATIONS*... THIS DOESN'T *SMELL* SO GOOD...

IF YOU WERE GOING TO INVADE A COUNTRY WITH SUPERIOR AIR AND SEA POWER, WHAT AVENUE WOULD BE LEFT *OPEN* TO YOU?

HITLER WOULD NEVER *DARE* TO INVADE US! BESIDES, A PROJECT LIKE THIS COULD TAKE *YEARS*... DECADES!

IF HITLER CAN CONQUER EUROPE, AND JAPAN KEEPS TO HERSELF, HE'LL *HAVE* DECADES! AMERICA'S TOO BUSY WATCHING BUCK ROGERS AND MICKEY MOUSE TO WORRY ABOUT IT.

THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF THINGS ABOUT ALL THIS THAT DON'T ADD UP...

LIKE WHAT?

LIKE YOUR *FATHER*. WHAT DOES TUNNEL-BUILDING HAVE TO DO WITH *ENTOMOLOGY?*

SH! LISTEN! IT'S *QUINT!* HE'S COMING *BACK!*

OKAY, YOU GO INTO YOUR *ACT*. I'M GOING BACK TO THE EXCAVATION AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT *REARRANGING* SOME TUNNELS!

OH. ONE MORE TH NG BEFORE I GO...

WHAT?

DO YOU THINK WE COULD TRY THAT SOMETIME WHEN I HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO *ENJOY* IT?

T'S A *DATE!*

ACCORDING TO QUINT'S MAP, THE MAIN ARTERY SHOULD BE *THIS* WAY...

.M-M, MUST BE *LUNCH TIME*, ONLY ONE GUARD...

SORRY, PAL, BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO TALK TH NGS OUT..

GOOD JUST WHAT I *NEED!*

THIS 'LL SLOW THINGS *DOWN* UNTIL I CAN GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT.

BETTER PLANT A *SECOND* CHARGE AT THE OTHER END JUST TO BE *SURE*...

ELECTRIC SHUTTLE CARS! PRETTY *FANCY*, QUINT!

GOOD LORD! I'VE COVERED MORE THAN A *MILE* ALREADY! QUINT'S CREW IS MOVING *FASTER* THAN I THOUGHT!

AH, END OF THE ROAD.

I'D PREFER YOU DIDN'T *DO* THAT, MR. HANGER... THOSE THINGS MAKE A *VERY* NASTY EXPLOSION...

DR. MASTERSON'S BECOME QUITE *LONELY* IN HIS CELL WITHOUT YOU. EXCELLENT *TRY* MR. HANGER, BUT YOU DALLIED A FEW SECONDS TOO LONG WITH THE GOOD DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH *JILL?*

I INTEND TO *SHOW* YOU, GOOD SIR. STEP INTO THE TRAM CAR, PLEASE...

YOU HAVEN'T SAID A *WORD* ABOUT OUR LITTLE OPERATION, MR. HANGER, AREN'T YOU *IMPRESSED?*

BOWLED OVER. WHERE'S *JILL?*

AH, YES, *THERE'S* THE DEAR THING NOW, WAITING *PATIENTLY* FOR YOU ON THE TRACKS!

YOU *MANIAC!* YOU WOULDN'T *DARE!*

WOULDN'T I? MISS MASTERSON HAS, I'M AFRAID, SERVED HER PURPOSE HERE. AND THOSE WHO NO LONGER SERVE... ARE *ELIMINATED!*

YOU CREEP!

UH!

CLICK!

EEEEEEE!

DON'T MISS CHAPTER SIX:
"BLAZING END!"

Sincerely, Somerset

c/o ECLIPSE COMICS, P. O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

Dear April, Bruce and Brent,

I'M IN LOVE!!! At first it was only the artwork in *Somerset Holmes* number one, soon it was the cover. Before I know what was happening, the black and white photos of April had wrapped me around their finger . . . then I saw the Al Williamson back-up feature! My God! Comic Book Valhalla!

Mr. Anderson, your artwork is unprecedented. Ever since the X-Men Graphic Novel have I been a fan of yours, and I thought that to be your best work. "Tis no longer so." Your cover paintings thus far (up to issue three) have been more than worthy for the magazine. Nothing irritates me more than a fantastic comic with a cover which is not befitting.

Mr. Jones, your story is superbly uncanny. I think I might have figured it out (I doubt it), but as it goes with one of your *Twisted Tales*—it's not over until the final page has been read. You are definitely creative to keep Somerset around after the first six issue storyline, please do so.

Miss Campbell, never have I written a letter to an editor as gorgeous as you. I think the strongest part of *Somerset* is her characterization . . . boy, would I like to meet you at a convention. Don't let Brent or Bruce push you around, and keep up the excellent work in *Somerset Holmes*. It certainly is a winner. Do you have any plans for *Somerset*, after the mystery is over?

I heartily wish that there were more creative people such as yourselves in the comic industry. If that were the case, *all* comics would be as enjoyable. I quit collecting back in '80, when the biggest thing in comics was the "She-Hulk". Last May I chanced upon a *Twisted Tales #1*, and I've been back ever since. I hope you realize that you have started a veritable *renaissance* in the industry, revitalizing and perfecting concepts that have been long since ignored. All that I can say is this: It is good to see people so creative, working to their potential. It makes walking around on this planet at this time so much more bearable.

Sincerely,
Craig Paeth
North Olmstead, Ohio

Dear April,

True adventure and excitment are very rare in today's comic books. *Somerset Holmes* brings back and adds to these ingredients to make it one of the most highly recommended reading in the field today. (At least by me.)

Issue #3 took us just a little deeper into the past and mind of Somerset. One of the nice things about this book is that I find myself being put in Somerset's place. I don't know who to trust! This makes me realize that Bruce Jones *is* one of the best writers around! (I knew it already, this just reinforced my what I already knew.)

Keep up the good work and stay outta' trouble.

Stephen Scott Beau Smith
Comicast FM
Barboursville, WV

Dear Jones, Anderson, Campbell:

Flashbacks, dissolves, montage and parallel editing, slow motion, lighting ala *film noir*, zooms, pans, dollie shots, and, for perhaps the first time in comic book history, a real, live, honest-injun *rack focus!!*

I did a regulation "double take" when I realized what you were doing, there on page three (issue #3) then laughed for five minutes!

Hitchcock, wherever he is, must be enjoying himself immensely!

Faithfully,
Larry Balmes
Carbondale, Il.

Dear Folks:

So Somerset is a stuntwoman, eh?

It's an interesting clue, but I'm not sure what it has to do with anything else yet. This is one of the most intriguing comics to come around for a long time. I'm glad the mystery will be solved—if indeed that's what you mean by saying the "storyline will be resolved"—and I'm curious as to what Somerset will do afterwards.

Some favorite things about issue #3: The cover. Anderson's cover art has been beautiful. I don't mean to slight the artwork inside, of course, but the covers should be, and have been, special. The layouts; Brent is one of those rare artists who know how to greatly enhance the story through the use of effective layouts. Pages 5, 9 and 16-17 were especially nice. I also like the book on the counter at Obiko's Boutique. A fitting place for Dr. Wertham's work.

"Cliff Hanger" is coming along nicely. It's not quite as involving as Somerset, but it's a lot of fun.

Thanks to everyone for a terrific book!

Steve Thurman
Fresno, CA